

Oh My God 1401

Chapter 1401 First Intimate Contact

In the beginning, the orc powerhouses, including the War Chief, the Horn of Destruction, did not take the Earthlings seriously.

Although this black-haired and black-eyed fellow looked mysterious and strange, this world had originally been inhabited by many strange races with different appearances and customs.

Liches that guarded the ancient tombs in the death desert...

Ice barbarians that could eat ice and breathe storms in the tundra in the far north...

Two-headed trolls with two heads and three arms...

Abyssfolk, who lived in the Eternal Night Abyss and were omnipotent in the darkness but would be set aflame or even burned to death by sunlight...

The Turan orcs had already witnessed too many foreign races.

They were quite happy with most of them. If they encountered each other in the wild, small-scale conflicts would naturally be unavoidable in order to obtain survival resources.

However, there had never been a large-scale war that lasted for a long time.

On one hand, because their habitats were very far apart, it was not easy to cross mountains and rivers to attack each other.

More importantly, all the foreign tribes that lived in poor mountains and rivers, with poor resources, had a common enemy.

The Holy Light Temple.

They all had a common dream.

To conquer the land of Holy Light and become the ruler of this world.

There was also a common bottom line.

To survive in the continuous "Purification war" launched by the Holy Light Camp.

And the black hair and black eyes of the Earthlings were obviously not members of the Holy Light Camp. Therefore, the Tulan Orcs, who were fully preparing for the war and preparing to march north, really did not intend to fight to the death with Dragon City and the Earthlings in the beginning

Even though they didn't think much of the Earthlings.

According to the standards of the orc warriors, the Earthlings were too short, too thin, too thin, and their hair was too thin — even thinner than the holy light humans. They didn't have any body odor at all and looked very weak at first glance.

The combat strength of the Earthlings seemed to be just so-so. Most of the Earthlings liked to hide in trenches, fortresses, or a moving iron shell called a "Tank" and shoot from afar.

Such a cowardly battle tactic did not have the glory of a powerhouse.

It was said that apart from a few powerhouses, most of the Earthlings relied on a power called "Technology" to survive.

The Tulan beastmen roughly knew the meaning of "Technology".

It seemed that a long, long time ago, the few ancestors of the Tulan Beastmen had also taken the wrong path of "Technology".

Fortunately, the great ancestors had understood the true meaning of totem power and invented totem armor, replacing all the small tricks known as "Technology".

As for the "Tanks", "Train cannons", and "Armored airships" that the Earthlings were proud of.

Similar structures were complicated, and the failure rate was high. It required a large number of people to control it, and its power could only be said to be ordinary. The Tulan Beastmen had long been seen in the hands of the Dwarves of the Holy Light Camp.

Even if they changed into a more exquisite outer shell and painted a few layers of colorful paint, so what? Could they withstand an iron fist full of the blessing of the ancestors of the orcs who were wearing totem armor? Of course, bullying the weak Earthlings was not a skill.

The holy light camp was the fated enemy of the Tulan Orcs. The war chief, "Horn of Destruction", showed mercy and sent an envoy to convey Tulan's will to the Earthlings:

As long as dragon city was willing to become Turan Ze's vassal, the people of Earth could form an army of servants and follow the Turan army into the land of Holy Light.

Then, the people of Turan could tolerate the weakness of the people of Earth and were willing to share the spoils of war and the glory of victory with the people of Earth.

The supreme commander of Turan ze promised that after the holy light camp was completely defeated, the future land of Holy Light would also have a place for the people of Earth.

After all, putting aside their weak bodies and slender nerves, the earthlings could be considered to be smart and skillful to a certain extent. Some of the gadgets they made were quite strange. Compared to the Frost Barbarians and two-headed trolls, which were even more crude than the Turan orcs, the Earthlings' handicrafts and entertainment products could be considered to be a good addition to the bloody battle.

This diplomatic mission was full of the unprecedented kindness and tolerance of the Tulan Orcs.

On the way up the Tulan River and into the Tusk Mountains, they bumped into the diplomatic mission from Dragon City.

The diplomatic mission on the other side brought the "Kindness and tolerance" of the Earthlings. The earth version of "Kindness and tolerance" was translated into the Tulan language:

"We know that the Tulan Orcs are a group of well-developed, simple-minded, barbaric, and Stinky Fellows.

“And your civilization is also so crude, clumsy, and low-class.

“Originally, we earthlings should have spent the strength of flipping our hands to conquer and destroy you all.

“But considering that the Earthlings Love Peace, and that you came to this land a little earlier than the Earthlings, we thought that you would be the best choice.

“Therefore, as long as the Tulan Orcs are willing to become the vassals of Dragon City, provide dragon city with a large number of soldiers and markets, and hand over the rights to exploit the underground resources of Tulan

ZE.

“Then, not only do we not mind letting you continue living in Tulan ZE, but in the near future, we can also let you follow us to conquer and rule the entire world as a servant Army.”

Of course, the original words of the Earthlings were certainly not so simple and crude.

In the official documents, the Earthlings used a large number of crooked teeth, flowery flowers, and four to six parallel characters.

It was so gorgeous that the orc envoys could not understand it at all.

However, although the Tulan Orcs did not have much brains.

They had eyes.

They could see.

Long before the Earthlings had asked the Tulan orcs to submit to the foot of Dragon City and become a vassal civilization, the ultimatum had yet to be issued.

The armored airships, short-distance teleportation arrays, large-scale shield machines, and all kinds of construction machinery from the nine families of Dragon City had already gathered into a surging torrent of steel and rushed down the tusk mountain range.

Many small and medium-sized towns and rat villages near the tusk mountain range had already been occupied by the Earthlings.

All the orcs, regardless of whether they were warriors with the blood of Glory or rat people with the blood of inferiority, were all impatiently transferred to their family businesses by the nine families that ruled Dragon City, they became the cheapest labor force, mining, building cities, and exploring the wilderness day and night.

However, because the Earthlings were too quick to act, and they paid special attention to information blocking battles, the area in the south of Tulanze, close to the tusk mountain range, had the least resources, and was the furthest away from black-corner city and Red Gold City, it was a barren land that the five great clans looked down on.

Therefore, the powerhouses of the five great clans who had gathered in red gold city to discuss the Battle of Glory, as well as the dozens of heavy armored battle groups who were all wearing totem armor deployed on the northern front, had not received any battle reports for the time being.

With the violent temper of the Tulan orcs, how could they bear such humiliation?

The envoys of both sides did not even meet the leader of the opposite side, and the negotiations had completely broken down before they had even begun.

The ORC envoys attacked the dragon city envoys at night and killed about seventy to eighty percent of the Dragon City envoys.

The aerial firepower from armored airships and armed drones also bombarded the orc envoys on the way back to Red Gold City to inform them. The ORC envoys were almost wiped out.

The war between the Dragon City civilization and the Tulan civilization broke out just like that.

At the beginning of the war, neither side took the other seriously.

For the Tulan Orcs, war was a common occurrence. Who would they fight? Besides, in order to ensure the loyalty of their vassals, swords were always better than pens.

Even within the five great clans, a small-scale civil war was used to decide who was qualified to be the chief of the war and lead all the Tulan Warriors.

The Earthlings were disobedient. They would be obedient after a beating.

After all, it was said that they only had one city.

It was just a city. How big could it be? How big could the population be? No matter how advanced the so-called "Technology" was, how advanced could it be?

To the Earthlings, the Tulan Orcs were nothing more than a bunch of simple-minded muscle sticks.

In fact, they were not even as powerful and terrifying as the monsters that had just been dealt with.

Presumably, the process and outcome of this war would only be smoother and more one-sided than the colonists of Earth's era conquering the New World, right?

No, this could not be considered a real war at all.

It was just a hunt, or even an armed tour.

With the same thoughts, the two sides casually collided.

Then, the first line of troops that exchanged fire simultaneously greeted each other and the mothers of the leaders who had decided to start a war with the most crude, vicious, and vulgar language of their civilization. The Tulan Beastmen were dumbstruck. Just what kind of Motherf * cking armor thickness and firepower was this? How Long would this unforeseeable, even more terrifying and lasting firepower coverage than holy light magic last, how many mages did the Earthlings have? How could they just fire cannons for a day and a night?

It was fine if it lasted for a long time, but the power was beyond the knowledge of the beastmen warriors.

If this kind of cannon that could corrode a radius of three to five miles was a cannon, then what was the thing forged by the dwarves? Was it a fire stick?

The earthlings were dumbstruck to discover that the Tulan Beastmen in front of them were like the “Beastmen” in their stereotypical impression — those who drank blood and were ignorant and would only foolishly use their flesh and blood to attack the steel defense line, the barbarians who died like mowing grass were completely different.

On the surface, the Tulan civilization still stopped in the era of cold weapons.

But what the hell was totem power, and what the hell was totem armor?

Why did this seemingly primitive and backward civilization have so many supreme experts who were comparable to divine level transcendents? And the ordinary beastmen warriors were so fearless of death, even daring to dance and dance as they burrowed into the hot barrel of the train cannon. At the instant the train cannon opened fire, an incomparably tyrannical totem power was blasted out, activating the explosion of the cannon balls, die together with the train cannon?

Both sides realized that they had greatly underestimated the enemy’s war will and war potential.

What appeared in front of them was a ruthless character that they had never seen before.

Each of them was so big that the other party could not swallow them in one gulp, and even if they forced themselves to swallow them, their intestines would be pierced through.

It was not a good idea to start a war rashly.

Chapter 1402: Blade of the Apocalypse

However, at that moment, both sides were in a difficult situation.

Once the war machine started to rumble, how could it be so easy to rush or slam on the brakes?

In Picturesque Orchid Lake, although the authority of the supreme commander was taken by force, victory after victory and endless spoils of war were needed to maintain and consolidate the nation. This was the first war that the Horn of Destruction had launched after he became the War Chief.

The enemy was not even an old rival, the Holy Light faction.

If even the Earthlings who were curled up in the ravines in the southern part of Picturesque Orchid Lake could not deal with it, how could the Horn of Destruction convince the masses, and how could he make all the unruly orc warriors continue to believe that he could lead them to defeat their fated enemy?

For the people of Earth, although the scale and cruelty of the new war that broke out in a hurry had greatly exceeded their expectations, so much so that the frontline troops made up of ordinary people suffered heavy losses.

But the nine great families that ruled Dragon City were unwilling to spit out the fat that had been swallowed into their stomachs.

Moreover, the Super Enterprises under the nine great families more or less involved in resource collection and military manufacturing.

The crueler the war, the more money they could make, and the more cultivation resources they could plunder for the extraordinaires who ruled Dragon City.

Moreover, whether it was the Earthlings or the Tulan people, their understanding of each other was not so deep from the beginning.

At the beginning of the war, both sides had reservations and did not try their best.

This also gave the other side the illusion that they could defeat the enemy as long as they put in more effort.

When both civilizations lost too much blood in the long-drawn-out war, they realized that if this continued, both sides would suffer heavy losses. In the increasingly frequent contact, the voices of truce and even alliance within the civilizations.., gradually became mainstream.

The two sides, who had no choice but to compromise and shake hands to make peace, realized in despair that it was too late.

They had already missed the last moment to turn the situation around.

Just when the Earthlings and the Tulan were locked in a stalemate.

The temple of Holy Light had seized the crucial strategic opportunity to build a large-scale army again and launched the 'Battle of Purification first.

However, this time, the main strategic direction of the Army of Holy Light was not Tulan ze on the Southern Front.

Instead, they marched north and raised their sabers that were surrounded by holy light to the ancient tomb liches, Abyss Demons, Frost Barbarians, and double-headed trolls.

In the past ten thousand years, regardless of whether the Tulan Ores were the first to launch the Battle of Honor or the temple of Holy Light was the first to initiate the Battle of purification, they all treated each other as their greatest enemies. The border between each other was the cruelest, it was a line of death that was like purgatory.

As for the ancient tomb liches, Abyss Demons, Frost Barbarians, and double-headed trolls, the alien races that lived in the east, west, and north of the land of Holy Light, although they all had unique sources of power.., they had also given birth to many powerful heroes and heroes.

However, they were limited by the size of their population.

Their war potential was far from being comparable to that of the Tulan Orcs.

Therefore, the Holy Light Temple had never regarded these foreign races as a fatal threat.

And every time the Holy Light Army and the orc army fought to the death in the south, blood would flow like a river, and both sides would be exhausted.

These sneaky foreign tribes would come out again and harass the holy light camp's rear, causing the holy light temple to be attacked from both sides.

Even if they had the advantage on the battlefield, they couldn't gather all their strength and turn the advantage into victory to completely wipe out Tu Lanze.

So, this time, the Holy Light Temple changed their strategy.

From the previous battles, "The southern line is the main line, the east, west, and north lines are secondary."

They changed it to "First clear the enemies on the east, west, and north lines, then concentrate all their strength and fight against TU Lanze in one go!"

This was undoubtedly a very risky strategy.

Because no matter how few ancient tomb liches, Abyss Demons, double-headed trolls, and Frost Barbarians there were, they could not be completely eliminated in a day.

If the sacred light temple deployed heavy troops to clear the east, west, and north lines, the south of the land of sacred light would face Tu Lanze's defense line, and it would be in an extremely empty state.

Once the Turan Orcs seized the opportunity to march north, it was very likely that they would break through the highest altar of the temple of Holy Light while the Army of Holy Light was still trapped in the desert, tundra, abyss, and forest!

That would be a loss that was not worth it, and they would be seeking their own destruction.

This was also the reason why the temple of Holy Light had not adopted the strategy of "North First, then south" in the past ten thousand years.

But this time, the temple of Holy Light had gambled everything.

The Tulan Orcs were all well-developed and simple-minded. They were brainless in terms of tactics and did not have a strategic vision at all. They could not see the relationship between the foreign tribes surrounding the land of Holy Light, which was one of prosperity and one of destruction.

The Tulan Orcs only knew how to fight with their fists, swords, and claws, but they did not understand the importance of intelligence work. As long as the temple of Holy Light defended the invisible battlefield strictly.., they would be able to perfectly block the news that the land of Holy Light was sweeping the northern front.

The bet was that after the Tulan orcs experienced the longest period of prosperity in history, the strength of the five great clans had expanded unprecedentedly. It was very likely that they would fall into a situation where neither side was willing to submit to the other. Even if the war chief was chosen through the 'five races' .., the new Supreme Commander would also need to spend more time than before before he could completely integrate the internal forces of Tulan ZE and sort out the interests of the various clans, towns, and settlements.

In the end, the Holy Light Temple won the bet.

'When the Earthlings and Turan people finally turned their hostility into amity.

The holy light army had completely "Purified" the east, west, and north sides of the land of Holy Light. Now, the Holy Light Temple's power range had almost doubled.

Behind the Holy Light Camp, the enemy's sneaky figure could no longer be seen.

Instead, they captured a large number of foreign tribes and threw a large number of shackles surrounded by holy light on them, turning them into cannon fodder and deploying them in front of the Holy Light Army, forcing them to rush toward Turan ZE, to wash away their sins — the so-called "Atonement Army".

Facing the most powerful holy light camp in history.

Just now, in a meaningless conflict, the Tulan and Earthlings, who had both lost too much blood, had no chance of winning.

Although in the face of the burning holy light, the Tulan and Earthlings had shown enough courage to overshadow the sun and moon.

But the iron hooves of the holy light camp still crushed the mountains and rivers of Tulan and the city walls of Dragon City.

The Tulan civilization and Dragon City civilization were destroyed just like that.

Of course, I gradually understood these things after a long, long time.

When the Earthlings and the Tulan people had just had a conflict.

I was just a small cannon fodder slave.

Along with the other cannon fodder, I was sent to the south of Tulan to teach the hairless monkeys a lesson.

During the first encounter with the hairless monkeys, my cannon fodder unit was washed away by the Terransiron flood.

My bad luck struck again.

The cannon fodder slaves that I was tied up with were all crushed into meat paste by the tracks of the tanks and armored vehicles.

Although I was seriously injured, I was lucky enough to survive and became a prisoner.

However, I wasn't sent to explore, mine, or do what other prisoners should do.

Perhaps my vitality was too tenacious — I was severely injured with my intestines pierced through, but I could still wake up and cry.

This aroused the interest of some dragon city powerhouses.

I was transferred to Dragon City, an organization called the Blood Union.

I became the experimental subject of "Blood Union".

The name of the experimental subject sounded very scary.

In fact, my life was not too bad.

I saw a lot of new, unknown, but very interesting things.

I also ate a lot of food that I couldn't even imagine in Tulanze.

Although the experiment was very painful.

It was nothing compared to the suffering in Tulanze in the past.

Many of my subjects died.

But death was something I had always looked forward to.

Although the "Saintess" often appeared in my dreams.

It made me feel a little reluctant to die.

But even if I did die, it wouldn't be a pity.

As for "The pride of a warrior, the glory of Tulanze", those were things that a man should care about.

But I'm just a rat, a slave, and a pinch of rat hair.

For a pinch of rat hair, what's the difference between Tulanze and Dragon City?

'What's the difference between Orcs and Earthlings?

What's the difference between clans and enterprises?

What's the difference between this old man and that old man?

I've always stayed in the blood union.

Even if Dragon City and Tulanze stopped fighting and formed an alliance to fight against the Holy Light Camp,

I didn't return to Tulanze.

There was no longer any place for me there, or perhaps there was never any place for me to stand.

I joined a secret weapon of the blood union, the "Blood Blade."

It was specifically responsible for infiltrating, destroying, assassinating, inciting, rescuing, and stealing from behind enemy lines

It was in the "Blood Blade squad" that I got to know the man who was later called "Doomsday Blade."

Doomsday Blade was a true legend.

At first, he was just like me, an experimental subject of the Blood Union.

Moreover, he was a very old experimental subject.

It was said that before I was sent to the Blood Union, he had already stayed here for at least three years. He had experienced hundreds of cell bombardment and gene unlocking strengthening experiments.

Moreover, after escaping death time and time again, he had obtained an incomparably powerful and terrifying power.

After Dragon City and the Holy Light Camp were in an all-out war, the blood union would form a blood blade squad.

After repeated brainwashing, implanted a chip in his brain, and was controlled by the Blood Union, the Doomsday Blade, who had become a killing machine, naturally became the leader of the Blood Blade squad.

Under the leadership of the Doomsday Blade.

We wreaked havoc in the land of Holy Light.

We assassinated countless high-ranking mages and holy light priests.

We stole a large number of secrets from the Holy Light Temple, destroyed the night watchmen's camp, blew up the dwarves' workshop, burned down the ancient trees that the elves worshipped, and made the names "Blood blade squad" and "Blade of the Apocalypse"... become the worst nightmare of countless holy light humans.

Unfortunately, the victory in tactics could not stop the strategic defeat.

No matter how active the blood blade squad was behind the enemy lines...

It could not stop the burning battle line. It was advancing toward the south at a speed visible to the naked eye..

Chapter 1403: Rise of the Blood Blade

All fronts were collapsing.

More and more orc legions, as well as Dragon City's armored forces, were destroyed.

Innumerable data points, fortresses, and towns were drowned in the tsunami of a magic storm.

While many powerhouses fell one after another there were also some quick-witted powerhouses who began to look for a way out.

They were either secretly gathering resources, trying to abandon the millions of rat people in Picturesque Orchid Lake, as well as the millions of ordinary Dragon City citizens, building large ships, sailing far away, and escaping into the depths of the unpredictable ocean, or...

They were dyeing their hair yellow and their eyes green, trying to change their black hair to blonde hair and blue eyes, and lowering their once noble heads to the Holy Light Temple.

Of course, just the change in appearance was not enough to prove their loyalty.

If they wanted to get the "Purification" and "Forgiveness" of the Holy Light, they had to offer a generous enough sacrifice.

For example, the blood and lives of their former compatriots.

Under such a background, Tu Lanze and Dragon City, which were on the verge of destruction, both presented a scene of the doomsday that terrified people.

The strong were like monkeys that were about to collapse, jumping up and down, struggling for their lives.

The weak were like snakes, insects, rats, and ants that were perched on the trees, not knowing what to do and waiting for their deaths.

Those warriors who were dedicated to fighting for civilization had all died on the front line.

The strong who survived had long lost their minds on how to defeat the Holy Light Temple. Instead, they racked their brains and thought of ways to survive, protect themselves, their businesses, and their families by all means.

The Blood Union was never an open and aboveboard organization that fought for the entire human race.

From the very first day it was born, it had been controlled by a very few people and only served the interests of a very few people.

At the moment when the army at the front fell like a mountain.

The Blood Union's higher-ups had urgently transferred the blood blade squad back from the land of Holy Light.

They began to carry out a brand-new mission ~ to clear the obstacles within Dragon City.

To clear the obstacles that prevented a few people from "Concentrating resources, building a fleet, abandoning the citizens, and sailing far away."

But the high-level members of the Blood Union who were focused on escaping did not notice anything.

The blade of Doomsday had not been brainwashed.

It had never been brainwashed.

It had never been controlled by a small chip implanted in the back of its head.

And it had never been, at least not just a cold-blooded killing machine.

Hidden under that silver mask that would never be removed was a stronger emotion than volcanic lava.

And 90% of this emotion was a deep-rooted hatred for the higher-ups of the Blood Union.

The hatred for the higher-ups of the Blood Union turned him into a test subject.

The hatred for the enslavement of the higher-ups of the Blood Union.

The hatred for the higher-ups of the Blood Union brainwashed him. They even implanted a control chip with a micro-explosive capsule in the back of his head, causing him to change too much and lose too much.

The higher-ups of the Blood Union had killed his sister.

'When the higher-ups of the Blood Union, who did not know anything, boldly invested a large amount of resources to turn the Blood Union into the sharpest butcher's knife in the organization.

The hilt of this butcher's knife was firmly held in the hands of the Doomsday Blade.

Most of the members of the blood union, including myself, were only willing to fight side by side with the Doomsday Blade, and were not willing to obey the command of the higher-ups of the Blood Union.

Finally, the ocean-going fleet, which the higher-ups of the blood union had been longing for, was completed.

These guys had also plundered a large amount of resources inside and outside Dragon City, ready to take advantage of the great opportunity created by the desperate resistance of the cannon fodder at the front line to escape.

Unexpectedly, the blade of Doomsday, who was in charge of the guard work, suddenly attacked at the last moment and led us to capture all the higher-ups of the Blood Union.

Doomsday Blade personally avenged himself and his sister.

The Blood Union also turned the tables and inherited all the technology, information, and facilities left behind by the secret experiments of the Blood Union for decades.

Of course, there was also the massive amount of resources that the blood union frantically plundered during the last period of time.

However, we didn't set sail and flee.

The members of the bloody blade squad were originally drifting along with the waves and the wind, with their fur and weeds that couldn't help themselves.

Drifting, drifting, drifting. After drifting for decades, we were all tired.

We really didn't want to continue drifting in the turbulent and treacherous depths of the ocean.

Even if we were to die.

We also wanted to die on land.

'We wanted to bury our corpses.

'We wanted to stay with our family, friends, and comrades.

Using the huge legacy left by the Blood Union, the blade of Armageddon upgraded the "Blood Blade squad" into a "Blood blade organization."

We returned to our old job and sneaked into the land of holy light again, stirring up trouble and wreaking havoc.

At that time, we didn't think that this kind of infiltration and destruction would be able to turn the tide of the battle and bring victory.

However, sneaking in the dark and approaching a powerful high-level mage who could destroy an armored army with a wave of his hand, using a sharp blade as thin as a Cicada's wing, silently cutting his throat — this was what we were best at, and also what we loved to do the most. Unexpectedly, the blood blade organization gradually gained fame.

The destruction of Tu Lanze and Dragon City was not something that happened overnight.

Even the desert of death, the abyss of Eternal Night, the frost tundra, and the Forest of pestilence, which had long been conquered and "Purified" by the Holy Light Temple, were still active in large numbers, unwilling to yield, they did not want to be illuminated by the holy light to every corner of their hearts. They did not want to live a routine, simple and repetitive life under the guidance of the Holy Light. They did not want to give up fighting and thinking. They could only worship and pray to the heroes and heroes.

These heroes and heroes had heard about the legend of the blade of Armageddon through various channels.

In that era where the army of Holy Light was invincible and the will of the holy light could almost dominate the entire world, the organization led by the blade of Armageddon was like a stain that could not be cleaned no matter how much the holy light shone on it, no matter how much the holy light shone on it.

Astain that was formed from the blood of countless people.

Heroes from all races gathered under the flag of the blade of Doomsday and accepted the command of the blade of Doomsday.

The blade of Doomsday soon became the strongest resistance organization after the regular combat strength of all races collapsed.

They even integrated all the resistance organizations and became the only opponent of the Holy Light Temple.

Now, they were the last hope.

Unfortunately, the Holy Light Temple's general trend had already been set.

Even the hundreds of fully armed orc legions and the tens of millions of steel torrent in Dragon City could not win the battle.

Naturally, the resistance of the blood blade organization alone could not win.

'When the Holy Light Temple obtained the final victory on the battlefield, they could unscrupulously divert all their manpower, resources, and energy to deal with the bloodshed organization that was active inside and behind them.

The noose that wrapped around the throat of all the resistance was tightened.

Even at this time, the blade of Doomsday was already one of the most powerful and terrifying existences on this land.

He couldn't stop the blood blade organization's secret strongholds in the land of Holy Light from being uprooted one by one.

The tentacles planted in the holy light temple were also cut off one by one.

Many of the defenders couldn't withstand the torture, or they were invaded by holy light magic, exposing a large number of secrets, causing the blood blade organization to be in a state of constant loss of blood and paralysis.

We walked into the end of the world.

The last flame of hope was about to be extinguished.

Perhaps it would be extinguished forever.

At this moment, we got a piece of information.

Information about the egg of chaos.

No one knew what chaos was.

They only knew that chaos was the natural nemesis of Holy Light.

Or rather, the two were natural enemies.

In the ancient books of the temple of Holy Light, it was vaguely recorded that perhaps chaos was the earliest being born in this world. It had profound wisdom and tremendous power.

The supreme existence that the temple of Holy Light believed in was just an intruder.

However, Holy Light could only defeat chaos.

It could not completely destroy chaos.

There were still many eggs of chaos in the depths of the Earth.

They were the hope to destroy the Holy Light.

No one knew whether the information was true or not.

However, it became the last straw for the bloodblade organization, which was in a disastrous situation.

Especially when we knew that there was an egg of chaos in the depths of the Holy Mountain of Tulan, we felt that it was not a coincidence but a mysterious revelation.

The blade of Armageddon gathered the final strength of the bloodshed organization.

On the surface, they planned to assassinate the High Priest of Holy Light in the land of holy light to attract the attention of the enemy.

But secretly, they placed all their hopes on the Holy Mountain of Tulan, the egg of chaos.

We killed our way back to Tulan and sneaked into the depths of the Holy Mountain.

There were armies of holy light everywhere. Obviously, they were also excavating and destroying the place.

This further confirmed our judgment that no matter what the egg of chaos was, it must be the existence that the Holy Light Temple feared the most.

Our sudden attack disrupted the Holy Light Army's formation.

After a soul-stirring and tragic battle, the bloodshed organization lost 90% of their elite fighters.

Including the blade of Armageddon, those who were still alive were all covered in wounds, relying on their last breaths to support their shattered backs.

But we made it to the front door of the temple of the sacred mountain.

'We saw the statue of chaos guarding the door.

There was no longer any power that could stop us from finding and awakening the egg of chaos.

At that moment, a desperate scene unfolded.

I saw the entire sky turn into a burning ocean of light in an instant.

I saw 10,000 suns born in the ocean of light.

I saw them release blinding beams of light that seemed to purify everything, and all the beams condensed into a pillar of light that connected heaven and earth.

I saw the pillar of light fall from the sky, striking the summit of the sacred mountain with lightning speed, and hitting the gate of the Sacred Mountain Temple, as well as US standing on the gate.

I saw the blade of Doomsday Roar toward the sky under the suppression of the Pillar of light.

Even at the last moment, he refused to give in, to the light, to fate, to all the forces that were trying to control him.

It was etched in my dying brain.

Then I died.

We all died.

And that was it.

Chapter 1404: This Time, I'll Help You

You must be confused.

'What I just talked about didn't seem to happen in the past or the present.

It's happening... in the near future.

Besides, aren't I already dead?

Are you haunted by the whispers of the dead?

I didn't tell you the truth along the way because the most incredible thing in the entire universe happened to me.

Without conclusive evidence, you or anyone else wouldn't believe it.

'When the Holy Light that could destroy everything fell from the sky, every cell of my body burned in the explosion of ten thousand suns, and even my soul was torn apart. I was indeed dead.

However, when I opened my eyes again, my mind was still filled with the endless pain of my soul dissipating. However, I was shocked to find myself lying in the cold mud deep within the ruins of an ancient battlefield.

I discovered that not only was I not burned to death by the Holy Light.

After decades of experiments, adjustments, and bloody battles, the scars that covered my entire body were also gone.

My hands and feet had shrunk to become slender and tender, just like... a stunted child.

used both hands and feet to climb out of the mud.

Then, I stared at the familiar yet unfamiliar reflection in a pool of dirty water. It felt as if a lifetime had passed.

I was in a trance for three days and three nights before I understood and accepted a shocking fact.

I was reborn.

I was a slave, a grave robber, a ghoul, decades ago.

After three days and three nights, I gradually adapted to the new body and the new era. No, more accurately, the old body and the old me were no longer in a trance.

Instead, I howled into the sky and cried tears of joy.

'When I was reborn as a teenager.

All the tragedies had not happened yet.

The fog that shrouded the tusk mountains had yet to dissipate.

The tulans and Earthlings had yet to discover each other and fight each other.

The temple of Holy Light had yet to complete its preparations, and had yet to raise its blades to the desert of death, the abyss of Eternal Night, the frozen tundra, and the jungle of Pestilence.

'The Ocean of light that shrouded all living things also did not seem to have accumulated enough energy to carry out the devastating blow that fell from the sky and ignite the enormous energy needed to ignite 10,000 Suns.

Everything could be changed.

There was still time!

I didn't know how I had been reborn.

Could it be that the blade of Armageddon had used his unyielding will to send my soul, which was closest to him, back to a few decades ago in the instant before it was destroyed?

T only knew that I had to inherit his will and represent the bloodshed organization to prevent the arrival of Armageddon!

At this time, I was no longer like my previous life's youth, so boring, yearning for death.

In the previous life's long, cruel, and dark fate, I learned to ignore 99% of the pain and despair, to find and taste 1% of the joy, and to defend this 1% of the joy and hope to fight.

It was everyone, including the blade of the end and all the members of the organization, who sacrificed themselves to send me back to my youth.

If I was still as muddle-headed as in my previous life, let all the tragedies happen again, and I would die in a muddle-headed and humiliating way.

What was the point of my rebirth?

So, I began to think.

In My Eyes after my rebirth, all the traps and traps in the lost temple had become as boring as children's toys.

'After casually cracking the traps, I had a lot of time to think quietly in the dark.

I thought about why Turan ze had been destroyed in my previous life.

And how should I change the "Key points" that led to Turan ZE's eventual destruction.

Very quickly, I summarized three key points.

First, the most serious mistake that the Turan people had made was to rashly start a war with the people of Earth without understanding the depth of the other party.

Although there was only one city.

However, the population density and war potential of dragon city far surpassed that of Tulan Ze and the land of Holy Light. It was a glorious city with a history of ten thousand years.

And in the technology and ideas of the Earthlings, there was also the possibility of making Tulan ze rejuvenate or fall into destruction.

From the top-secret intelligence that the blood blade organization had gathered in his previous life, some of the technology that originated from Dragon City even accelerated the exploration and application of the Sea of light by the Holy Light Temple.

Perhaps, the 10,000 suns that fell from the sky were created by using Earth's technology to unlock the power of the Holy Light.

It was a win-win situation, and a fight would cause two injuries.

In this life, I must not let Tu Lanze and Dragon City start a war again.

I must do everything in my power to Drag Dragon City into Tu Lanze's war chariot!

Secondly, Tu Lanze must complete the internal integration within the shortest amount of time, elect a new war chief, and start a war with the Holy Light Temple.

The earlier the better.

He must not give the holy light temple enough time to attack the death desert, the abyss of Eternal Night, the Frost Tundra, and the plague jungle.

Once the holy light temple completed the "Purification" of the Western, northern, and eastern fronts, the great rear would be completely consolidated.

Even if Tu Lanze and Dragon City joined hands, they would not be able to resist the overwhelming attack launched by the Holy Light Camp, which had two-thirds of the world's population and resources. Even Tu Lanze hadn't completed his battle preparations.

Even if he had to pay an incomparably tragic price for rushing to attack.

The Tu Lan people were all duty-bound and could only be the first to shed boiling blood.

Third, the Tu Lan people could no longer fight alone like in the past.

They could no longer keep their heads down and fight without paying attention to the strategic aspect of the battle.

The Undead Lich, the Abyss Demon Race, the ice barbarian race, the two-headed troll race, and other foreign races, although they were far from US and had very different customs, didn't have any life-and-death friendship.

But in the face of the threat from the Holy Light Temple, we were all in the same boat.

We couldn't let the Holy Light Temple destroy us one by one.

Instead, we had to build an unprecedentedly broad alliance. We had to form a more united whole than the holy light camp.

In order to achieve this goal.

'The Tulan people couldn't be stingy with the small benefits in front of them.

And in order to make these three changes,

Thad to climb up the throne of the highest commander of Tulan ZE at all costs in the shortest amount of time possible.

No one knew better than me whether it was the lion king's "Horn of destruction" or the tiger king's "Violent Blade", or the leaders of the Bloodhoof clan, the Thunder clan, and the Dark Moon clan.

'They were all a group of fools with strong limbs, simple minds, short-sighted, and stubborn minds.

In my previous life, they made many wrong choices and ruined Tulanze's future.

In this life, I will not give them the chance to make a huge mistake.

Now, there is only one small problem.

My identity.

No matter how strong my soul is.

'My body is still just a lowly rat people.

In the tens of thousands of years of history of Tulanze, no one has ever been able to start from the "Rat people" and become the chief of the five great clans, not to mention the supreme commander above the five chiefs.

'The first thing that came to mind was the rat people rebel army that had once caused the "Great Horn Rebellion" in my previous life.

I thought of the "Saintess" who possessed mysterious powers.

'As a member of the rat people, my large number of compatriots seemed to be my foundation.

'With the memories of my previous life, if I could join and lead the rat people rebel army, the scale and intensity of the Great Horn Rebellion would definitely be ten times greater than in my previous life. Perhaps, we really have a chance to overthrow the rule of the five great clans and bring New Order and hope to Tulanze.

If I had 30 to 50 years of planning, implementation, and reconstruction.

I would definitely do so.

I would let the battle flag of the Great Horn Army fly high above every town in red gold city, black horn city, hundred blade city, and Tulanze, so that every rat people could hold their heads high in the face of wolves, tigers, and leopards, I will be confident.

But time is not on our side.

The rule of the five great clans over Tulanze is deeply rooted.

Even under my leadership, the Great Horn Army, which is ten times stronger than in my previous life, will not be able to completely defeat the five great clans within three to five years.

Even if we manage to defeat the five great clans, we will not be able to restore order in Tulanze in the shortest amount of time. We will gather all the resources, including the remaining forces of the five great clans, and start a war against the holy light camp in our best condition.

The biggest possibility was that both the great horn army and the five clans would suffer heavy losses.

Before Tulanze discovered Dragon City, he would suffer heavy losses and be destroyed in advance.

At that time, all the Tulan people, including the rat people, would still die.

So, I'm sorry.

1 Can't join the Great Horn Army.

I can only use the great horn army as a stepping stone to ascend to the supreme throne.

Anyway, as long as I could control the supreme power of Tulanze.

There was always a way to slowly raise the status of the rat people, form more rat people battle groups, cultivate a large number of rat people powerhouses, and give the rat people a lot of opportunities to make achievements and compete for power, finally, I created the “Sixth clan” that belonged to the rat people.

After thinking everything through, I designed a small “Accident.”
My Master and my past were buried deep underground.

Then, I used the disguising technique I learned from the blood blade organization in my previous life to change my appearance from a rat to a wolf.

From a slave who couldn’t help himself, I became the Master of my own fate and that of Turanze.

Using my previous life’s memories, I excavated a few lost temples and accumulated my first bucket of gold.

I also tried to find the SAINTESS who had yet to join the rat rebellion.

At this time, the great horn army had yet to be born.

The funny little girl in front of me, who had a big head and a small body, was also clueless about the dark fate that was about to come.

However, I still saw the SAINTESS from my previous life who had exhausted her soul and collapsed in front of me through her ignorant face.

I believed that she, who had voluntarily become a saintess and crazily exhausted her brain time and time again, and who used dreams to help others share pain and happiness, would never fear death.

But when she fell in front of me in my previous life, her eyes, which had gradually dimmed, were indeed filled with indescribable regret.

It was a pity that the “Great Horn Rebellion” was just a small skirmish.

It was a pity that she didn’t share the pain and happiness of the rat people.

It was a pity that the rat people’s rebel army was destroyed. Their extremely generous and tragic battle roars at the last moment couldn’t be heard by the millions of rat people scattered all over Turanze.

It was a pity that her power was too weak. She couldn’t destroy the old order that had ruled Turanze for ten thousand years, nor could she create a brand new future that would allow all the rat people to live happily.

“It doesn’t matter.”

I stared at the little girl from afar. After my rebirth, I smiled. “This time, I’ll help you.”

Chapter 1405: Rebuilding the Soul With Doom

You should have guessed what happened after that.

I gave the little girl a brand new name, "Ancient Dream Saintes."

Using the skills I learned in my previous life at the bloodshed organization, I helped the Ancient Dream Saintess develop her brain. Her ability to influence others through dreams was ten times stronger than in my previous life.

With my guidance and remote control, the Ancient Dream Saintes created the Great Horn Army and gathered a large group of like-minded rat rebels. No, they should be called the "rat people's rebel army."

I learned from my previous life's experience of the Great Horn Rebellion spiraling up and down, causing the new version of the "Great Horn Rebellion" to greatly increase in strength, intensity, and scale compared to my previous life.

This... in the words of Dragon City, the 2.0 version of the "Great Horn Rebellion" had dealt a heavy blow to the ruling order of the five clans, and it had also severely weakened the prestige of the old military nobles, it had created sufficient space and opportunity for my rise.

At this time, I had already become the Wolf King.

With the memories of my previous life and the wisdom of Earth, I looked at traditional orcs such as the lion king's "Horn of destruction" and the tiger king's "Violent Blade" as if I was looking at a three-year-old child.

Even if a three-year-old child had immense strength and lethal weapons, I could still fool him with just a few words.

Together with the memories of my previous life, I had a general understanding of the Lion King and the Tiger King's personalities. I could always scratch their itch.

I quickly clung onto their thighs and let them think that I was a loyal lackey. Thus, they were confident and bold enough to make me a puppet to rule the Wolf clan.

However, they didn't know that I had been secretly selecting the elites of the Wolf clan from a very long time ago. I wasn't willing to stay below the Lions and tigers forever.

also trained them strictly using the methods of the BLOODBLADE organization in my previous life.

I also sent many elites to hide by the side of the Wolf Clan's leaders. They would carry out assassinations whenever necessary to take over the power of the Wolf clan and remove all obstacles for me.

Of course, I planted countless 'nails' inside the Great Horn Army.

'When the time was right, I would be able to take over the great horn army and make it my right-hand man along with the elites of the Wolf clan.

Everything that happened after that was all in my plan.

The four major clans, including the Bloody Hoof clan, indeed had ulterior motives. They wanted to divert the trouble to the other side by intentionally allowing the great horn army to flood into the territory of

the Gold clan, in an attempt to make use of the rebel army of the rat people to cause trouble for the Gold clan.

Within the Golden Clan, the Lion and tiger clans were afraid of the Wolf clan's overly large scale. As such, they placed the heavy responsibility of exterminating the great horn army on my shoulders, trying to make the rat people and the Wolf clan consume each other, causing both sides to suffer heavy losses.

Hehe, but these fools never expected that whether it was the great horn army or the entire Wolf clan, they would only be my left and right hands.

Meanwhile, within Crimson Gold City, the trap that I had painstakingly built for so many years was gradually revealing its sharpest fangs.

Finally, the day of showdown and flipping the table had arrived.

On the same day, I did two things.

First, taking advantage of the Lion King's Horn of destruction being tricked by me into going to the Holy Mountain, I successively assassinated several high-ranking officials of the lion and tiger clans in crimson gold city, arousing the tiger king's violent blade's ferocity and ambition, this had incited the lion and tiger clans to erupt in an unprecedented fire.

Second, I had launched a destructive attack against the high-ranking members of the Great Horn Army.

If possible, I didn't want to kill the ancient Dream Saintess.

However, in this life, while she had activated her stronger abilities, her brain had also suffered more serious damage. It was as if her brain was constantly swelling.

This was something that even someone with no medical knowledge could tell just by looking at her deformed and swollen head.

Even if I didn't do it, she wouldn't be able to live for long.

Compared to living in complete meaninglessness, extreme pain, and humiliation until the day of the Apocalypse,.

I believe that the ancient Dream Saintess would definitely wish that she could turn into a blazing torch that would light up the future path of all the rat people and Tulanze.

Therefore, I have no moral or psychological burden on the assassination of the ancient Dream Saintess.

Of course, even if you or anyone else thinks that I'm cunning, despicable, ambitious, and evil... I don't care.

For a reborn person who had seen the flames of destruction fall from the sky, burning all hope, and returning from the end of the world.

There was no morality, law, good or evil, or even the bottom line of humanity in this era.

After all, humanity could only be talked about when one was alive.

If all the people were dead, where would the so-called humanity be attached to?

Did they expect the temple of Holy Light to erect two 'Monuments of Humanity' for us after they completely destroyed our civilization?

However, I didn't expect that the plan that had been going smoothly all along would have a small flaw at the most critical moment.

'The ancient Dream Saintess wasn't dead yet.

However, this wasn't too much of a problem.

At least 70% of the Great Horn Army's strength had already been completely taken over by me.

'The ancient Dream Saintess was also heavily injured and couldn't cause too much of a stir for the time being.

The tiger king's "Violent Blade" also believed my story. As expected, he took me deep into the sacred mountain to compete with the lion king's "Horn of destruction" for the legendary inheritance.

As long as the Lion King and the Tiger King could both suffer heavy losses,

I could sit back and reap the benefits and become the biggest and final winner.

'There was hope for Tu Lanze's future.

But you, my friend, jumped out at this time.

You disrupted all my arrangements.

You killed a large number of my subordinates who could have saved Turan ze and saved dragon city's elites.

You even let the Lion King and Tiger King, these two four-limbed, simple-minded, incompetent fools, live for so long and add so much trouble to me!

When I first saw your black hair and black eyes, I was extremely shocked.

I didn't expect that I would actually be able to see an Earthling in the Holy Mountain of Tulan.

When exactly did the fog that shrouded the tusk mountain range in my previous life completely disappear? And when exactly did the first contact between the Tulan and Earthlings happen?

I didn't know. The memories of my previous life were like fragments of fragmented and indistinct dreams. I could only roughly grasp the direction of the future, but it was very difficult to see those uncertain details clearly.

However, before the Dragon City Army went out in full force, it wasn't too strange that there were a few earthlings who took the lead to come to Tulanze to explore through the spatial gaps.

I don't remember myself in my previous life hearing the name "Reaper".

I only knew that this was a popular occupation in Dragon City.

But with your strength and knowledge, you shouldn't be a nobody.

Thinking about it, the code name of "Reaper", you had already died in your previous life.

Perhaps, you died in this infiltration and reconnaissance operation.

But I don't want to kill you.

Although you destroyed my overall plan and killed so many elites of the Wolf clan.

But you are an earthling.

In order to facilitate the full cooperation between Tulanze and Dragon City.

I, who will soon become the supreme commander of Tulanze, don't want to bear the crime of "Killing an Earthling with my own hands", thus adding more uncertainties to the already treacherous future. You are very lucky, my friend.

If you were not a black-haired, black-eyed earthling, based on your actions, you would have been killed hundreds of times by me in the cruelest way!

But I did not expect you to be so ungrateful.

You jumped out again and again to interfere with my plan to save Turanze and Dragon City, to save all of us.

You Think You're so smart?

You think you're some kind of unique savior?

You think you know everything and stand on the side of Justice and the right?

You think I don't know what kind of terrifying existence is lurking in the depths of the temple of the sacred mountain?

You think what I want, and what can change everything, is just the "Legacy of the great ancestral spirit"?

Do you think that I have been bewitched and controlled, and that I have somehow become a puppet of Chaos?

No, my friend, you are wrong. You are so wrong.

From the beginning, I mean, from the time I was reborn as a teenager, from the cold, rotting mud, slowly raising my head, looking at my reflection in the sewage, I knew what I wanted. The egg of chaos.

There's no other way.

Only Chaos can help us fight the light.

Though I do not yet know the truth of chaos and light.

It can also be guessed that "Chaos" is by no means a good kind, from its body to draw every power, need to pay a very high price.

Even vaguely guessed that it was this "Egg of chaos" in front of us that shaped the Tulan civilization into what it is today.

As for us, whether it was the Earthlings or the Tulan people, it was very likely that we were just two insignificant pawns in an extremely long and grand war between 'Chaos' and 'Holy Light'.

However, under the illumination of the apocalyptic flames that destroyed everything in my previous life...

'These questions instantly became unimportant.

I didn't know whether my choice was right or wrong.

But there was at least one thing I could comfort myself with every time I hesitated, hesitated, or hesitated.

No matter what I chose.

It couldn't have ended worse than my previous life.

Could it?

Well, my friend, now you know everything.

And for the first time, I was able to reveal my secret as a reincarnated person.

Thad bitterly suppressed my emotions for so many years, and there were many unrepentant wolves, tigers, and leopards around me. It was simply impossible for me to communicate with them on any slightly more complicated and advanced topics.

It was only at this moment that I felt much better after saying it out loud.

I knew that you wouldn't believe me.

Heh Heh, if it was me, I would never believe such a ridiculous thing if I hadn't experienced it myself.

Of course, you wouldn't be willing to exchange our lives and souls for the power of chaos to save our civilization with the power of chaos.

It doesn't matter.

Thank you for reading on myboxnovel.com

Since you won't believe it, come on then. Share my dying memories and take a good look at the appearance of the Apocalypse. See How Ten Thousand Suns rose at the same time and fell from the sky at the same time, turning into blazing flames that could destroy everything, then use this ball of Doomsday Flame to completely reshape your soul!

Chapter 1406: Two Futures

All that information flooded into Meng Chao's brain in half a second.

Half a second later, a radiance that was like ten thousand suns slowly rose from the depths of the Wolf King's soul.

Amplified by the mother of origin, billions of rays of light converged into a raging sea of apocalyptic fire. In the sea of fire, a raging wave of destruction was set off, ruthlessly crashing into Meng Chao's spirit

defense line.

Meng Chao's spirit defense line remained unmoved.

It was as if this apocalyptic flame that could cause the hearts of over a hundred experts to collapse at the same time was completely motionless air.

He was dumbstruck, completely dumbfounded.

"This..."

'The Wolf King was puzzled.

He didn't understand why the Reaper before him did not react at all under the impact of the apocalyptic flames.

After all, the apocalyptic flames were condensed from the near-death memories of his previous life. They contained an incomparable horror and despair. They had always been his trump card.

After his rebirth, he had cut through all obstacles along the way. On the journey of his miraculous rise, the Wolf King had also encountered countless powerful enemies that could not be defeated by conventional means.

'These powerful enemies, who were resolute and unafraid of pain and death, were all screaming hysterically under the burning of the apocalyptic flames. They did not even need the Wolf King to make a move before their hearts collapsed and their brains were set on fire.

After all, the death of a single person.

From the ancestral spirit ten thousand years ago to the blood descendants ten thousand years later, all the history, future, legends, and glory of the civilization that was formed by his family, his entire family, and all his compatriots, the tiniest vestiges of the most powerful heroes in this world were all turned into ashes and never existed again.

These were two completely different concepts.

In the Wolf King's imagination, even if the soul defense line of the "Reaper" had not been washed away in half a second, crying and shouting that he would kneel at his feet and become his most loyal subordinate, he would save Tu Lanze and the future of Dragon City with him.

At least, this guy should be surprised, shocked, afraid, shaken, doubtful, absolutely unwilling to believe, racking his brain to deny and refute. In short, it should be stirring up all kinds of strongest emotions, right?

'Why was his soul as dull as a hen carved out of wood, not reacting at all?

Wasn't this too disrespectful to the end of the world!

Also, why did such violent apocalyptic flames, which had once burned the souls of countless experts to ashes, surge into this fellow's brain like a surging torrent, surging into the sea, it couldn't stir up even the slightest bit of wind and waves, yet it disappeared without a trace?

This, what was hidden in the depths of this fellow's brain? Was it an abyss that led straight to another world?

"You..."

Even the Wolf King had experienced the most inconceivable thing in this universe.

Facing such a strange soul like the Reaper, he couldn't help but feel his hair stand on end. "After seeing my near-death memories, don't Tell Me You're unwilling to believe that I'm really a reincarnated person and that the apocalypse is about to descend?"

"This... isn't a question of whether I believe it or not."

Surrounded by the apocalyptic flames that spewed out from the depths of the Wolf King's soul, Meng Chao, who had been in a daze for a long time, finally regained the ability to think.

He took a light breath and revealed an awkward expression that even he found hard to understand, "I originally wanted to date you as an ordinary person, but I didn't expect that you actually had such an important secret and mission hidden in you. Then, I had no choice but to reveal my cards.

"I'm very willing to believe everything that happened to you. After all, if you were a reincarnator, many questions that I couldn't understand could be explained.

"However, what a coincidence. You might not believe me if I tell you, but actually, I'm also a reincarnator."

The information contained in this beam of brainwaves had yet to be completely transmitted into the Wolf King's brain.

From the depths of Meng Chao's soul, a burst of doomsday flames surged out like a retreat with the Wolf King.

Ten Thousand Suns slowly rose, at the same time releasing the most dazzling light, tearing apart and engulfing the entire sky, whizzing toward the earth like ten thousand burning meteorites.

However, their target was not the Tulan Sacred Mountain in the Wolf King's near-death memories.

It was Dragon City.

Dragon City was burning.

The tall buildings were like building blocks built by naughty children, constantly collapsing and disintegrating in the flames.

The armored airship formation that was still floating in the air in preparation for the final battle instantly turned into a series of strange-shaped fireballs.

The main battle tanks draped in composite armor on the ground melted at a speed visible to the naked eye, just like ice cream in the dog days.

Even the extraordinary individuals who were draped in power armor and had psionic protection layer burned their flesh and turned into dancing skeletons in just a few seconds.

The thousands of ordinary citizens who had nowhere to run turned into insignificant light particles in the raging fire tornadoes the moment the flames of the apocalypse descended.

These incomparably cruel, incomparably real, and incomparably vivid details were all engraved in Meng Chao's near-death memories, becoming the nightmare that he swore to crush ruthlessly at all costs.

Now, Meng Chao's nightmare had also become the Wolf King's nightmare.

Just like how the Wolf King's Nightmare had also become his nightmare.

This time, it was the Wolf King's turn to be dumbfounded. He was a hundred times more dumbfounded than Meng Chao. "This... this... how... How is this possible?!"

"Also think that it's impossible. On second thought, 'rebirth' is originally a ten thousand times stranger than 'transmigration'. If 'transmigration' can be explained with theories such as mass-energy conversion and the non-destructive energy transmission of high-dimensional space, then 'rebirth' is really difficult to explain with all the theories that carbon-based intelligent beings can understand, because that means the entire world, or rather, the timeline, is reset. Not to mention, how can two 'reincarnators' from different futures appear on the same timeline?"

Under the illumination of the two flames of Doomsday, Meng Chao's soul instantly became extremely clear and transparent.

His mind raced as he said in an extremely serious tone, "Perhaps, we should not fall into any fixed thinking mode. Instead, we should overturn everything and start thinking about the concept of 'rebirth' from the beginning, as well as the mission that we are shouldering.

"But before that, you must trust me and break free from Mother Origin's control. Also, you must help me inject the last third of the nerve suppressant into Mother Origin's body.

"Because I also came from the future, a future that is completely different from what you have experienced.

"In the future that I have experienced, you have successfully absorbed the unparalleled power from mother origin, defeated all your competitors, and become the supreme commander of the Tulan civilization — and the most powerful, most terrifying, and most successful supreme commander in all of history.

"You have also achieved your wish. You have bound the Earthlings, the Tulan orcs, the undead liches, the Frost Barbarians, the abyss demons, the two-headed trolls... the alien races that have been suppressed by the Holy Light Temple for tens of thousands of years, and formed the chaos faction that is strong enough to contend with the Holy Light faction.

"When the chaos faction is at its most powerful, the vanguard can even reach the highest altar of the Holy Light Temple!

"However, you, we, failed in the end.

"What you saw just now, my near-death memory, is the picture of Dragon City being destroyed in my previous life. I believe that you are very clear about the power of the explosion of tens of thousands of suns in the clouds at the same time, and you are also very clear that this is not something that I can fabricate in an instant.

"Before Dragon City was destroyed, the Tulan civilization had already gone ahead and been 'purified' by the holy light into a barren land.

"This shows that no matter how perfect your plan is, it is not enough to save Tulan ze and Dragon City.

"The so-called 'infinitely close to success' is synonymous with 'failure'.

“I don’t remember the details, but I am certain that ‘mother origin — egg of Chaos’ is definitely not our savior. On the contrary, it is very likely the main reason why the temple of Holy Light launched the space-based orbital weapons against Tulan Ze and Dragon City.

“Therefore, no matter what message the mother of Origin sends you, don’t believe it.

“It can not save us. It will only kill us.

“Even if we really want to use its power, there is no need for us to be its puppets.

“As long as you and I join hands, as long as the Earthlings and the Tu Lan people can join hands, we will definitely be able to take the initiative, suppress and analyze its power, and figure out what the so-called ‘Egg of Chaos’ is!”

Every Word of Meng Chao’s stirred up a heaven-shaking storm in the heart of the Wolf King. Having been entangled by the doomsday nightmare for countless days and nights, of course, he could sense how real and terrifying the doomsday flames surging out from the depths of Meng Chao’s brain were.

This was indeed not something that any spiritual expert or illusionist could fabricate in a short period of time.

But he was still unwilling to believe it.

Just like any gambler who entered the casino with an imposing manner and continuous victories and quickly accumulated ten times the chips, the gambler who was so lucky that his luck turned purple, was unwilling to believe that he would lose everything in the end of this gamble.

“You’re lying. This is impossible!”

The Wolf King’s eyes were red as he let out a hysterical shriek, “If I really become the supreme commander of the Tulan civilization and go to Dragon City to find the ‘Doomsday Blade’ in my youth, with my knowledge of the future and the infinite potential of the Doomsday Blade, how can we fail? “I will modulate the doomsday blade just like how I modulate the ancient Dream Saintes. I will modulate the Doomsday Blade to be ten times stronger than in my previous life!

“Just the upgraded blade of Doomsday that is projected into the land of Holy Light is enough to destroy the Holy Light Temple. How are we going to lose? How are we going to lose?”

“The problem is that I have never heard of the name ‘Blade of Doomsday’ in my previous life. Even the evil organization, the Blood Union, collapsed twenty to thirty years ago.”

Meng Chao said, “Although my previous life’s memories are like a fragmented nightmare with most of the details unclear, if a ‘Doomsday Blade’ that can be compared to you as a ‘Doomsday Wolf’ even above you really emerged in Dragon City, how could I forget it?”

“Then you’re lying!”

The Wolf King seemed to have caught the loophole in Meng Chao’s words, and he became ecstatic.

“You must not be a reincarnator, and I certainly won’t fail!

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“If you’re really a person from Dragon City in the future, it’s impossible that you haven’t heard of the founder of the bloody blade organization, the leader of all the resistance, the executioner of the holy light priests and high-level mages.. The dwarf is so terrified that he doesn’t dare to drink wine, the elf is terrified of everything in their homes, and countless night watchers are shivering and even crying in the dark — the name ‘Blade of Doomsday’Meng Chao

Chapter 1407: Wake Up, Sleepyhead!

That sentence felt like a heavy earth-drilling bomb had been thrown into Meng Chao’s head. It went all the way from the top of his head to the depths of his soul.

It then turned into the fiercest firestorm, covering Meng Chao’s every sulcus and every brain cell.

Boom!

Boom boom boom boom!

It was as if a gate or some kind of seal had been violently blown open.

In the depths of Meng Chao’s brain, more memory fragments of his previous life gushed out like a volcano.

However, these memory fragments of his previous life had a lot of paradoxes with his previous memories of being a third-rate expert and a Ghost Assassin.

In these memories, there had never been a Black Skull Training Camp or a Ghost Tribe.

There was only the Blood Alliance and the Blood Blade Organization.

There had never been any Ghost Assassins either.

There was only the Doomsday Blade!

And the brand-new memory fragments from his previous life could perfectly explain those seemingly inconceivable facts.

Why did Jackal’Kanus and his men actually use the ‘undead technique’and ‘bizarre stab technique’, the exclusive martial arts of the Dragon City Assassins.

Why did Meng Chao and the Wolf King have such similar brainwave frequencies even though it was their first meeting? It made it very easy for them to invade each other’s brain regions and even create a strange sense of familiarity, so that they could cooperate with each other, it was even more tacit than their comrades who had fought side by side for decades.

Because in a certain future, or rather, in a certain future possibility, they had fought side by side for at least ten years, and even died together in a fierce battle.

“How is this possible?”

Meng Chao was in disbelief and dumbfounded. “I, I am Meng Chao!”

“What?”

Wolf King also sensed a trace of strangeness from Meng Chao’s sudden change in temperament.

In his memory fragments from his previous life, because he had been modified into a killing machine by the blood union, “Doomsday Blade” had always been wearing an ice-cold mask. No one had ever seen his true face.

Even after destroying the blood union and establishing the blood blade organization, Doomsday Blade had no intention of taking off his mask.

In the words of doomsday blade, he was “Used to it.”.

And whether it was the top and most terrifying blood blade assassin or the leader of the resistance organization, it was naturally safer to never reveal their true face.

Therefore, the Wolf King did not know what doomsday blade actually looked like.

However, he had seen the eyes of the blade of Doomsday.

He also knew what it felt like to be stared at by such eyes that seemed to contain endless flames that could burn through the Earth’s crust and the sky.

Now, after so many years, he had once again experienced such a feeling.

“This, this is impossible!”

The Wolf King was shocked, lost, and deeply shocked. “You, how could you be -~”

At this moment.

Just as both of them were overwhelmed by the shocking reality and their mental defenses were trembling, the wolf king’s voice suddenly sounded.

A violent and unparalleled power forcefully surged into their brain regions. It was like adding oil to a fire, burning their apocalyptic flames even more intensely until they were about to lose control.

It was the original mother!

Perhaps this ‘egg of chaos’ had realized that its life was heading towards its end.

It was unwilling to place all its hopes on a puppet.

Sensing the spiritual defense of Meng Chao and the Wolf King, a small gap appeared.

Without any hesitation, it immediately drained all the remaining cell activity and condensed a powerful biological electric current that simulated brain waves. It pierced into the brains of Meng Chao and the Wolf King and went deep into their souls!

In reality.

Ice Storm first saw tens of thousands of arcs of light that were even more dazzling than lightning in Meng Chao and the Wolf King’s eyes. They covered each other’s heads as if they were wearing two special helmets — helmets that could create a virtual world., helmets that could allow a large amount

of
information to be transmitted at a high speed.

Then, as if it sensed that its time was coming, mother original had no choice but to make a desperate gamble. First, it shrunk to its limit, and then, it exploded violently like a ripe datura fruit. The abyss-like sulcus of the brain became bigger and bigger, and from the abyss, countless hot lava-like nanometals spewed out. The spiritual magnets that were enough to forge hundreds of totem armor seemed to shoot out from Mother Origin's heart. Hot blood covered both Meng Chao and the Wolf King at the same time, they turned into two huge flower buds and cocoons.

Perhaps because they had drained all the spiritual energy and spiritual magnets in the surroundings, the hundreds of mandala trees that were originally intertwined to build and support mother Origin's laboratory were withering and breaking at a speed visible to the naked eye, even under the agitation of the spiritual energy storm, they burned themselves up violently and instantly turned into ashes.

Without the support of the mandala trees, they had suffered the fierce bombardment of Holy Light Magic Three thousand years ago. Three thousand years later, they were also affected by the fierce battle between Meng Chao, the Wolf King, the Horn of destruction, the berserk blade, and other ultimate powerhouses, the rock layers that had long been brittle and fragile began to criss-cross like a spider web.

First, there were crushed stones the size of a fist, then stones the size of a head. Finally, large pieces of rock that were three to five meters square fell down like raindrops.

For a moment, the earth shook and the mountains shook. Sand and stones flew. The entire original mother laboratory fell into a long period of darkness at the moment of collapse.

"Brother, I'm not lying to you. I'm not in pain anymore, really."

"Give up on that thought. No one can escape from the Blood Union. No one!"

"Brother, you have to escape. You can definitely escape."

"Being chosen by the Blood Union is your greatest fortune. If it weren't for the Blood Union, how could ordinary people like you, who have no resources and no background, have such powerful strength? How is that possible!"

"Brother, I don't know what these flashing things in my blood are, but they have never harmed me. Instead, they helped me survive the modulation time and time again. I think they must be a gift from my mother to protect me."

"For the advancement of civilization, someone has to sacrifice. Most ordinary people simply can not survive in such a cruel Otherworld. It is hard to escape death, but the blood union can make ordinary people die with value. It can make ordinary people turn their ordinary lives into fuel for the advancement of civilization. They can help our civilization conquer the entire Otherworld. One day, they can even kill their way back to Earth!"

"Brother, I don't need these flashing things anymore. I'll give them all to you. I hope they can continue to protect you, just like how they protected me."

“Perhaps some people will think that the blood union is incomparably cruel, despicable, evil, and dehumanizing. However, in the Battle of survival where the survival of the fittest prevails, it’s meaningless to talk about good, evil, and humanity! “If the blood union had not broken the bottom line of human

nature, conducted so many experiments and modulations, and helped dragon city create so many strong people, how could we have won the Monster War in just twenty years? “Perhaps, the monster war alone will drag on for thirty to forty years, and the entire Dragon City will be broken into pieces. At that time, how much more blood will be shed and how many more people will die?”

“Brother, don’t Cry and don’t make any noise. Let me sleep a little longer, just a little longer...”

“Meng... Meng Chao, you... Don’t be rash. Listen to me. It was the Blood Union who created you. It was I who personally groomed you. It was we who poured a lot of effort and resources into you that turned you from a nobody into today’s ‘Doomsday Blade’!” “You... Don’t do anything stupid! “We still have a chance. We can sail away together, escape to the deep sea, escape to the Outlands, escape to a place where the temple of Holy Light can’t Find Us, rest and recover, and make a comeback!

“It doesn’t matter even if all the ordinary people are dead. As long as we are alive, there is hope for our civilization. One day, we can rebuild Dragon City!

“You are different from them. You have become one of the most invincible powerhouses in the world. You should learn to think like a powerhouse. Why should you be entangled and bound by those insignificant weaklings? Why should you be buried with them?

“We are all powerhouses. We are the same kind. You, you can become a high-level member of the Blood Union. No, not just a high-level member. We are willing to elect you as the President of the Blood Union. You have the ability!

“No, you idiot, you idiot, do you know what you are doing? We are the last hope of the Dragon City civilization. You are killing our hope, you are destroying the entire civilization, ah —”

“Brother! Wake Up! Don’t Sleep! The Sun is shining on your butt!”!

“You promised me that you would work hard to cheer up and live a good life. You will sleep early and wake up early every day, eat breakfast on time, have lunch, and have dinner on time. Every day is happier than the last!”!

“So, stop sleeping. Wake up, Sleepyhead.. Quick! Wake Up! Wake Up!”

Chapter 1408: Dyson Sphere Project

Under the urging of his little sister, Bai Jiacao, Meng Chao woke up.

Through the air that smelled of sulfur, the lead clouds that seemed to have been formed by the simultaneous eruptions of ten thousand volcanoes, Meng Chao realized that he had returned to the ancient battlefield.

The scene in front of him was almost exactly the same as the dying memories of Mother 1 that he had read through the 'memory cell connection' in the ultimate nest of the monster civilization in the hidden fog domain.

It seemed that this was what Mother 2, the Mother of Origin, the second Egg of Chaos, was trying to instill into him.

However, his perspective was split into two.

The first perspective was still from the perspective of the mother, looking at the sky from the ground.

The second perspective was like looking at the earth from the perspective of the Ancients who were in the space station in the synchronous orbit above the atmosphere, looking down at the planet that the people on Earth called the Other World.

The point of view was even grander, more magnificent, and more abstract.

It also brought Meng Chao new information that was as astronomical as the numbers.

Meng Chao observed quietly and thought silently.

It seemed that mother origin had exhausted all of its life essence at the last moment and was trying to launch an unprecedented soul attack on the brain of herself and the Wolf King, turning them into its puppets.

However, because he had injected a large amount of nerve suppressants into its body, he had even injected one-third of his 'hope' into it at the last moment.

And deep inside the souls of himself and the wolf king were the inexplicable, mysterious power of the 'Apocalyptic Flames'.

Therefore, mother Origin's desperate gamble didn't succeed.

It didn't completely subdue and devour Meng Chao's and the Wolf King's souls.

Instead, it transferred the memory that was buried in the deepest part of its soul and left the deepest impression on it. Even after billions of years of erosion, the memory that hadn't been erased was transferred to Meng Chao's brain.

As for why in the memory of the 'main brain of the monster', only the image of the main body controlling the overwhelming beast tide to form a tower of flesh and blood that crashed into the sky was shown.

But in the near-death memories of the mother, there was still the view of the Ancients looking down at the planet from above?

That's right, because the mother was heavily injured.

There was a remnant of the temple of Holy Light on its body. It had sacrificed the lives of countless holy light priests and mages 3,000 years ago before it was able to cast the brand of magic.

The so-called holy light magic most likely originated from the strategic weapon left behind by the ancients on this planet.

While suffering a fatal blow, the body of the Mother of Origin naturally left behind the terrifying power of the Ancients that could instantly burn a habitable planet with abundant resources into an extremely large glass ball.

“This is...”

Meng Chao did not have the time to think about why he was in such a strange state and how he could escape from the Mother of Origin’s near-death memories. He was already deeply attracted and shocked by the grandeur and fierceness of the ancient war.

Originally, he thought that the overwhelming beast tide formed by hundreds of millions of primordial beasts and the sky-piercing tower made of the flesh and blood of countless monsters were the true appearance of the original mother.

It wasn’t until now, when he looked down at the entire planet from the atmosphere of the primordial era, that he realized that what he had absorbed from the dying memories of the main brain of the monsters was only the tip of the iceberg.

The main body wasn’t just an overwhelming beast tide.

It wasn’t just an endless beast tide that was inlaid with countless insect cocoons, beast eggs, and hatcheries. It was a super-large nest that was deeply rooted in the ground and possessed consciousness and even intelligence.

It wasn’t even just a tower of flesh and blood that was formed by hundreds of millions of ferocious archaic beasts that bared their fangs and brandished their claws. Its height could surpass 10,000 meters.

There was far more than one similar tower of flesh and blood.

‘When one looked up at the tower of flesh and blood from the ground, one would only feel that it was magnificent, indomitable, and indestructible.

It was really like a sharp knife that could poke a hole in the sky that sealed the earth.

However, when one looked down at the earth from the sky, the tower of flesh and blood that had a base diameter of more than 1,000 meters was just a small tentacle, or even a slender flagellum.

The problem was that there were far more than one such ‘tentacle’ and ‘flagellum’.

Similar ‘tentacles’ and ‘flagellum’ grew everywhere on the surface of the entire foreign world, be it on land or in the ocean.

They attempted to charge toward the sky from all directions and break through the atmospheric defenses of the ‘ancients’.

Even if one, ten, or a hundred flesh towers all collapsed.

There were even more blood and flesh towers that were born under the relentless attacks of the archaic vicious beasts who were not afraid of death. They attempted to continuously increase their height, even if it was another thousand meters, a hundred meters, ten meters, one meter, one minute., one centimeter, one millimeter, one micron, one nanometer...

It was like, it was like...

The Mother was not a creature of this planet at all.

The Mother was this planet.

It was the embodiment of the planet's most furious will. It was the most violent battle cry that the invaders who tried to subdue it, control it, modify it, and use it.

The Ancients were not the natives of this planet as Meng Chao had originally thought.

That was because, compared to the towns and fortresses that they had built on the surface of the planet, which were as glittering and translucent as crystals illuminated by the sun.

The synchronous orbital space stations that they had built outside the planet's atmosphere were hundreds of times larger than the cities and fortresses on the surface of the planet. Their structures were also more complicated and sophisticated.

It was as if the cities in the sky above the atmosphere were their real homes.

The cities and fortresses on the surface of the planet were merely temporary rest stations and laboratories that they would use when they occasionally descended below the atmosphere.

The 'cities in the starry sky' were like butterflies with crystal wings.

Other than the super-large space station in the center where the Ancients could live, work, and manipulate lethal weapons, the most eye-catching thing was that the space stations were spread out on both sides of the space stations, covering the sky and covering the Earth, the facilities looked like sails.

Countless 'sails', or 'butterfly wings', quivered as if they were dancing under the dual effects of the radiation of the stars and the magnetic field of the planets. They were constantly decomposing and refracting red, orange, yellow, green, indigo, and purple, they were thousands of times more dazzling than rainbows.

And from all directions of each space station, mechanical arms that looked like the tails of scorpions extended out.

The mechanical arms were precisely twining, and they could connect two or more 'butterflies' together.

A Hundred, a thousand, ten thousand, and countless 'butterflies' were connected to a super giant network that blotted out the sky and covered the earth.

They spread their wings at the same time and danced in the colorful light. In a literal sense, they covered and even sealed the sky of the habitable planet below.

Such a large and precise structure reminded Meng Chao of the scientists of the Earth era, who once proposed a solution to the energy problem when civilization reached a high level.

That was the Dyson Sphere Project.

The so-called Dyson Sphere, was a man-made celestial body with a theoretical diameter of more than 200 million kilometers, that could completely envelop a star and absorb its energy.

It was the equivalent of a natural nuclear fusion reactor powered by a star.

It was mainly composed of countless artificial satellite arrays with super-large solar sails.

On Earth, the Dyson Sphere Project was only the imagination of some engineers and even science fiction writers.

But the array of thousands of dancing giant crystal butterflies in front of him was very much like the theoretical model of the Dyson Sphere that Meng Chao had seen in the Earth Club.

The problem was that the Dyson Sphere should be built and installed in the orbit of a star.

After all, only the star could produce an endless supply of energy.

However, the Other World was a habitable planet.

How much energy could the Dyson Sphere absorb by building a planet in a synchronous orbit in an attempt to completely envelop the planet?

After all, most of the energy on the planet came from the radiation of the star.

Even if the geothermal energy in the planet was completely drained, it would not be able to make up for the cost of building the Dyson Sphere.

Wait a minute...

Meng Chao suddenly remembered that the Other World was not an ordinary habitable planet.

Different from Earth, the subterranean area of the Other World not only contained abundant geothermal energy, but it also contained energy that was a hundred times more intense than the radiation of the geothermal energy or even the radiation of the stars.
spirit energy...

“Could it be that we’ve been wrong all along?”

“At first, we thought that the Ancients were the natives of the planet, at least the first batch of carbon-based intelligent life that came to the planet to develop a civilization, and that they were our immediate ancestors.

“The Mother was merely a flesh and blood tool that was created by the biochemical laboratory of the ancients to modify the environment and produce construction.

“The so-called ‘ancient war’ was a super-large-scale biochemical crisis. It was the mother body that had awakened its self-awareness, broke free from the control of the ancients, and tried to devour its creator.

“However, judging from the overall picture of the ancient war, if the mother body could grow furious tentacles and flagella from all directions on the planet, it would be hard to imagine that such a large-scale life form would be born in a small laboratory.

“The ancient books in the temple of Holy Light also recorded that the existence known as the Mother by the Earthlings and Chaos by the Holy Light faction was the most ancient native with consciousness and wisdom born on the planet.

“The fact that the ancients could build a crystal array that covered the entire planet — a cosmic marvel comparable to the Dyson Sphere — and a ‘transmigration engine’ was enough to prove that the ancients had extraordinary interstellar navigation and cosmic engineering abilities. It was very likely that the nomadic civilizations in the vast sea of stars were searching for planets with psionic energy like other worlds to absorb the super energy inside and turn it into motivation for their continuous advancement.

“Then, between the mother and the ancients, or rather, the chaos and the Holy Light, who was it that summoned the carbon-based human-shaped intelligent beings such as the Earthlings, the Turan orcs, the holy light humans, and the forests to the planet to continue the war that they had been fighting for billions of years?

“Which side should we stand on, or rather, which side should we stand on to survive

Chapter 1409: Destroyed Billions of Times

Just as countless question marks appeared in the depths of Meng Chao’s soul.
The ancient battlefield in front of him underwent another shocking change.

Tens of thousands of dancing crystal butterflies adjusted their wings to a subtle angle.

A large number of colorful light spots appeared on their wings and gathered at a speed visible to the naked eye.

The light spots became brighter and brighter, like a surging ocean of light.

One after another, crystal battle fortresses slowly floated from the surface of the Earth and flew out of the atmosphere, joining the ranks of the crystal array.

There were not many Ancients below the atmosphere.

A silent boom shook the entire galaxy.

The ocean of light exploded.

Thousands of thick light pillars were like thousands of long swords that were surrounded by electric arcs and burned to thousands of degrees, stabbing fiercely at the planet that was covered with tentacles and flagella.

Huge light balls suddenly bulged on the surface of the planet, like crystal-clear tumors.

All the flesh towers, the ancient vicious beasts that formed the towers one after another, the super-large nests that gave birth to ancient vicious beasts, and the things that connected to all the nests that were hidden deep underground, like nerves and brains... All of them were burning fiercely under the rampage of the infinite radiance.

That scene made Meng Chao think of the game in which Wan Tong held a magnifying glass, focused the sunlight, and ignited the ants.

Of course, the scale of this incomparably cruel game in front of him was billions of times larger than using a magnifying glass to ignite the ants.

Under the illumination of the infinite radiance, the carbon-based life forms on the ground were quickly massacred and turned into ashes. Not even a single remnant was left.

Even the life seeds hidden deep underground had been wiped out by 99%.

'When the light balls broke one by one, the shock waves that were released were observed from the atmosphere like circles of faint ripples.

However, from the ground perspective, the shock waves were like burning hurricanes. They were spreading out in all directions at a speed of more than 100 kilometers per hour.

The 'ripples' collided with each other and set off waves on the surface of the planet. They continued to destroy the survivors of the first round of space-based orbit strikes.

The shock wave even triggered the tectonic changes and extreme climate eruptions on the surface of the planet.

In the hundreds or even thousands of years that followed, earthquakes, floods, tsunamis, volcanic eruptions, acid rain for hundreds of years, and all kinds of natural disasters fell on the world that was almost burnt into an extra-large glass ball.

Just like that, the planet was 'purified.'

After such brutal destruction or purification, it seemed impossible for the planet to give birth to any intelligent life that was powerful enough to threaten the Ancients in a short period of time.

However, the spirit energy that was hidden deep underground was also sealed under the surface that was burnt into a glass shell.

Meng Chao saw that a large number of crystal butterflies had been broken down from the Dyson Sphere that enveloped the planet.

They opened their 'solar sails' to the maximum and formed a magnificent crystal fleet that flew toward the periphery of the galaxy.

In the boundless universe, it was like a cluster of spores that were fluttering and shining in the wind.

Then, the spores disappeared.

It was like it had drifted into an invisible gap in the depths of the universe.

It seemed that the soul-stirring ancient war had finally come to an end with the victory and departure of the Ancients.

Perhaps, when the planet gradually cooled down, the glass shell that sealed the surface of the earth cracked and spirit energy gushed out again.

The Ancients would return.

They would come back to continue absorbing spirit energy and harvesting life.

But it was unknown whether it was an illusion or not.

Meng Chao had seemingly seen that right before the Ancients launched their devastating attack of space-based orbital weapons.

'A tower of flesh and blood, which was the tentacles and flagella that the planet itself was crazily waving, had already rushed out of the horizon and touched the crystal array that enveloped the planet. It had also stabbed a certain 'crystal butterfly' lightly.

'The war was not over yet.

Life would always find a way out.

In the seemingly dead glass sphere.

The seed of life was still quietly growing, evolving, struggling, trying to break through the indestructible barrier with all sorts of methods. It broke through to the ground, facing the sky, and issuing an unyielding battle cry.

With the departure of the ancient fleet, Meng Chao's vision returned to the Mother of Origin.

More accurately, it was the seed of life that gave birth to the Mother of Origin.

Dark, cold, narrow, suffocated, unable to move.

That was all it felt.

However, that was not the hardest part.

It was monotonous, boring, and unspeakable loneliness that lasted for billions of years.

It thirsted for change, for something new, for endless possibilities, for bringing some small... chaos to this unchanging world, to this universe that would eventually come to a standstill and freeze.

It began to try.

It tried to grow new tentacles and flagella from the cracks in the underground rock layers.

Although compared to the flesh towers formed by billions of ancient beasts during the ancient war era, which were like limbs that grew from the planet itself, the tentacles and flagella were now billions of times thinner, they were just insignificant clusters of mycelium.

But in these mycelium, there were still infinite possibilities of life.

'The mycelium danced.

After the apocalypse, the global natural disasters that had lasted for thousands of years patiently collected various elements such as carbon, hydrogen, oxygen, nitrogen, phosphorus, and sulfur. These elements were then used to form single biomolecules such as amino acids, purines, and pyrimidines.

Soon, biological polymers such as polypeptides and polynucleotides were born one after another.

With these single molecules and polymers as the most basic 'parts', many strange primitive cells were recreated.

The primitive cells that were just born were extremely simple, weak, and ugly.

They could not be compared to their ancestors, the mother that once controlled the entire planet, or even a small monster that was born from the Mother.

Even so, the Mother of Origin's predecessor failed countless times.

That was because, at that time, it did not have true consciousness and intelligence.

It was even difficult to determine if it could be considered as real life.

'The so-called process of "creating life" was just a simple arrangement of countless amino acids, purines, pyrimidines, polypeptides, polynucleotides... and then the exhaustive method, it was only repeated billions of times.

99.99% of the attempts failed.

Single molecules and polymers that were not simply kneaded together could not be combined organically at all. Very soon, they were torn apart and turned into nothingness.

It was the thing that had just been born, which could barely be called "Life." Before the cell membrane had evolved and stabilized, it had been attacked by volcanoes, floods, acid rain, and earthquakes and died early, it had returned to dust.

But it did not matter.

Even if it had been destroyed billions of times.

As long as it had been tried enough, it would have been destroyed billions of times more.

Life could create miracles.

Thus, under the dance of the countless seeds of life, or Eggs of Chaos scattered in the depths of the Earth in the Mother's body.

Blue algae was born.

The grapefruit was born.

The trilobites were born.

The Nautilus was born.

The sea lily, ostracoda, isocarps, bony fish, and all kinds of vertebrates were born.

Although the vast majority of primitive life structure is quite simple, or even error-ridden, destined to not be able to stand out from the cruel competition of natural selection, survival of the fittest.

But this does not mean that their existence is meaningless.

On the path of evolution.

There were no billions of 'failures'.

It was impossible to accumulate the extremely precious and only 'success' that remained.

Moreover, it was precisely the corpses of these 'failed species' that covered the surface of the planet that had been burnt into glass shells by the ancients.

It allowed this desolate, monotonous, desolate, lonely, dull, and lifeless world to regain its various forms and be full of vitality. Although it was chaotic and cruel, it contained boundless hope and endless possibilities.

The scene of all living things bursting forth in front of him could not help but remind Meng Chao of the process of human reproduction.

When mankind was preparing to create life.

The seed of life that contained a huge gene pool would not only be prepared for one seed.

Instead, there would be trillions of seeds of life starting at the same time. In the end, only one seed of life would be able to reach the other shore smoothly and achieve positive results.

The remaining trillions of life seeds that lost one life seed all failed, were eliminated and were destroyed.

However, who could say that their failure and destruction were meaningless?

'Without the repeated attempts and continuous impacts of trillions of life seeds, how could the only life seed advance on the path of evolution and continuously climb to a higher peak?

The scene of billions of life seeds chasing each other and competing with each other made Meng Chao think of the countless different versions of himself he had seen on his path to the deity realm. Or rather, his countless paths of the future were like crystal-clear tadpoles, constantly colliding, competing, and sprinting.

"Why are there two different futures?

"clearly remember that in my previous life, I was a tiny ghost assassin. Although I infiltrated the Land of Holy Light and carried out various missions of hiding, assassinating, sabotaging, and rescuing, because I was heavily injured in high school and joined the Black Skull Training Camp, I was too old to begin my official training. I didn't have any achievements in the end, and being able to break through to the One-star Spirit Tattoo Realm was my limit.

"Until the end of the world, I was still a big-headed soldier, an unknown third-rate expert. Not to mention the leader of the resistance, I had never been an official higher than the leader of the group.

"But...

"What about the sounds, the pictures, and the new memory pieces that are completely different from the past?

"In this brand-new nightmare, I seem to have been captured together with my younger sister Bai Jiacao into the blood union that should have been destroyed a long time ago.

"She encountered something even scarier than turning into the Dark Witch.

"And I inherited her power and became... the Doomsday Blade?

"It hurts. My head hurts.

"Which of these two futures is real and which is fake?"

"No, there are more than two.

"In the process of breaking through to the god-level, I vaguely saw that in one of the futures, I became a half-human, half-scorpion monster. In the other futures, I seemed to become the leader of a mega corporation, dominating the world, not to mention how awe-inspiring it was. Also, there is another future that is even more ridiculous. I actually became the supreme priest of the Holy Light Temple, and even a ninth-circle mage has to bow respectfully at my feet. Is there a mistake? This is too much!"

"Of course, 99% of the way to the future, I'm just an ordinary citizen, engaged in boring work, living a monotonous life, muddleheaded, living until I'm devoured by monsters, torn apart by magic, or the day of the apocalypse.

"Thousands of futures, which one is real and which one is fake?"

Chapter 1410: Second Path Unlocked!

No, there was no point in thinking about this now.

Just as Meng Chao and the Wolf King had said...

There were two dimensions to transmigration.

Time and space.

If transmigration in space was only a theoretical and technical difficulty, then whether it was a celestial body with a massive mass or an intelligent life that transmigrated from one end of the universe to the other end of the universe, it would not have much of an impact on the entire universe.

Then, transmigration in time, which was also known as rebirth, would not have an impact on a celestial body or intelligent life itself.

Instead, it would be equivalent to resetting the entire universe.

'Whether it was Ghost Assassin Meng Chao, Doomsday Blade Meng Chao, or even Holy Light priest Meng Chao... Which of these futures were real and which were fake?"

The moment Meng Chao brought the memories of the future back to his youth, the futures that were real and fake and had long been destined to collapse and cease to exist.

From this point of view...

All the futures were fake.

At most, it could be said that it was a kind of plausible prophecy. It was a prediction that could get closer to reality but could never be 100% real. It was just a possibility of the future.

As for the real future..

It would still need the people of today to create it with their own hands.

“That’s right, that’s right.

“The future hasn’t been decided yet. Tomorrow hasn’t arrived yet. Even if failure and destruction are all high probability events, life is originally a miracle that burst out from a one in a hundred million chance.

“We only need to succeed once!”

Along with the lightning-like realization, it tore through the sky.

In the bottom of Meng Chao’s heart, the spark that had been sleeping for a long time was also awakened.

In front of his eyes were countless scenes of birth, evolution, competition, death, and rebirth.

As well as countless scenes where the paths of the future crisscrossed.

One after another, they shattered, collided, burned, and exploded, turning into billions of shining stars.

And the spark seemed to have burned a shining tunnel between the stars.

Meng Chao’s soul seemed to have experienced another extremely long time in the tunnel.

This time, he finally woke up slowly in the real world.

Along time seemed to have passed.

It was so long that he felt that he had gone through countless reincarnations in a device that was similar to a hibernation pod.

The surroundings were pitch black, and only the corners were emitting colorful but unusually dim lights.

Judging from the cramped environment and the stuffy air, they were still underground, in the collapsed mother’s laboratory.

Something similar to petals and skin membranes had peeled off from Meng Chao’s body layer by layer.

It made him guess that he had probably been wrapped in this huge flower bud or skin capsule in the fetal state.

Judging from the faint metallic luster and the sticky substance on it, the petals and skin membranes were made of spiritual magnets and mother-of-origin cells.

But now, both the spiritual magnets and mother-of-origin cells had lost their weakest activity.

‘As soon as they peeled off Meng Chao’s body, they turned into dust that was more delicate than sand and less than a micron in diameter.

“Is mother-in-law dead?”?

Meng Chao took a deep breath.

He had a mysterious feeling.

He felt that his life form had been upgraded to a whole new level.

As the life magnetic field surged, strands of biological electricity spread out from his limbs and bones like mycelium, flagella, and tentacles, extending to a radius of dozens of meters or even more, they found and connected to all the living beings lurking around them.

That's right, in the depths of the seemingly dead darkness, there were still countless tenacious living beings struggling to survive.

The tree trunks and branches were all burned into charcoal, and the charcoal was smashed into pieces by the rocks. Only a few roots were left to protect a bunch of tender shoots, and the mandala tree was patiently waiting for an opportunity in the underground.

Moss that grew on the remains of the mandala tree, which was not much higher than blue algae, was emitting a faint blue light.

Those that fed on the moss ranged from dozens of microns to one millimeter in length. They were commonly known as "Water Bears." They might seem insignificant, but they were able to live on the top of snow-capped mountains that were seven to eight thousand meters above sea level and at the bottom of the ocean that was five to six thousand meters deep, they were even slow-moving animals that lived in the vacuum.

The larger and higher-level arthropods that fed on the "Water bears" were tiny insects that rustled in the crevices of the rocks.

Meng Chao had seen all the lives.

That's right. Meng Chao in the past had also been able to perceive the existence of these lives.

However, it was impossible for him to project his soul into these lives like he was doing now. He could observe and feel the world from the perspective of the mandala tree, the moss, and the water bears, they shared all the information they had interacted with this world, as well as the infinite joy, touched, and hope contained in the existence of life itself.

This was not a matter of the level of their realms or the strength of their simple and crude combat abilities.

Instead, it was a subtle change in the way they looked at this world, or in other words, the definition of life itself.

"It's the original mother.

Meng Chao cast his gaze towards the place where the mother of origin had originally been dormant.

That Ball of super brain with thousands of tentacles had already died.

It had turned into a pile of cold, dead dust without any signs of life.

It seemed that the "Hope Potion" developed by the last researcher of the Tulan civilization was indeed effective.

This super nerve blocking potion could really block or even paralyze the neural network of the mother of origin, thus helping humans control this mysterious, immemorial creature.

Mother origin, on the other hand, was even fiercer than Meng Chao had imagined.

It realized that it was about to be suppressed, captured, studied, and used by humans.

It did not hesitate to release all of its life essence in a short moment.

It ended its incomparably long life in a manner similar to being possessed by the devil and the human body spontaneously combusting.

However, if mother origin really came from 'Chaos'...

And 'Chaos' was the oldest intelligent life on the planet, even the planet itself that contained spiritual energy.

'Would it... really die?

Meng Chao retracted his gaze back to his palm.

His consciousness was also retracted from all the living beings around him into his human body.

He knew that he had become different from the past.

When the original mother was on the verge of death, the memories of the immemorial battlefield were not the only things that were transmitted to him and the Wolf King.

There was also a part of the gene fragments, or the origin of life.

"What is this?

"Did we successfully stop and destroy the original mother.

"Or did the original mother escape and transfer part of the gene fragments and the origin of life to the Wolf King and me before the old body was on the verge of destruction, so that the power of chaos could be extended through the life of the Wolf King and Me?"

Meng Chao had no time to think about this question.

His vision and brain were occupied by something even more dazzling.

The flame.

Ever since the battle with LU Siya, the banshee of the jungle, and the fact that she was heavily wounded and fell into the raging river of tigers, the flame had drifted all the way to Tulanze.

The flame had always been on the verge of being extinguished.

No matter how much Meng Chao summoned it, the flame was like a feeble spark buried in ashes. It could not emit much light or heat anymore.

Until now.

Not only did the flame seed glow with the most brilliant light again.

It also seemed to have been strengthened and upgraded, completely changing its form.

In the past, the flame seed was only a bright flame.

Now, the flame seed seemed to have a crystal-like solid state, a spiritual magnet-like liquid state, and a plasma state at the same time, three overlapping states!

Accompanied by the brand new flame seed, it was like the rising sun breaking through the blockade of the night, slowly rising, illuminating Meng Chao's brain.

The long-lost information flow also turned into a data waterfall formed by billions of golden streams of light, flooding Meng Chao's vision.

"Congratulations, fire communicator, for opening the second path of the future!"

"Fire communicator has been able to unlock all the skills on the second path of the future!"

"Ultimate Saber technique, Earth Fire Heavenly Thunder, has been unlocked!"

"Ultimate breathing technique, six paths of heavenly lead, has been unlocked!"

[ultimate strength exertion technique, origin force, unlocked!]

[ultimate assassination technique, bloody blade judgment, unlocked!]

[ultimate soul secret technique, transcending samsara, unlocked!]

Countless new skills sprouted from the depths of Meng Chao's brain like bamboo shoots after a rain, forming a brand-new skill tree with luxuriant branches and leaves!

"This is the skill tree of 'Doomsday Blade'!"

Meng Chao was overjoyed.

One had to know that the skill tree that was faintly discernible in his brain originally came from the 'Ghost Assassin Meng Chao'.

Although it was a future version that had been tempered and its power strengthened, it was still the most basic skill.

After all, it was just basic skills like 'Reckless Bull Force', 'hundred-battle saber technique', and 'Thunder Cross Sword' that were suitable for all ages.

At most, they were minor skills like "Undead technique" and "Strange stab technique", which were not very impressive.

'When Meng Chao used Dragon City as a stage and rose miraculously.

Because his own foundation was weak, and his enemies were not too strong.

These future versions of basic skills could also allow him to advance rapidly in his cultivation and be at ease on the battlefield.

However, as his realm increased, the friends and enemies he came into contact with became stronger and stronger, and the problems he had to solve became more and more complicated. Just by relying on basic skills such as "Reckless bull force" and "Hundred-battle saber technique"... he was gradually unable to do as much as he wanted, and he was running out of money.

Of course, through the "Martial God" Lei Zongchao, he was able to come into contact with most of the top-tier martial arts in Dragon City in this era.

However, these top-tier martial arts had not yet been tempered by the Tulan civilization and the Holy Light Camp. Blood and fire were still relatively crude, and version 1.0 was full of bugs.

In the face of an enemy BOSS that was comparable to a god-level, the lack of a decisive trump card was always Meng Chao's biggest headache.

In particular, he found that it was not so easy to prevent the arrival of the end of the world. It was very likely that the people of Earth would be involved in it, and they had long been involved in the battle between the "Holy light" and the "Chaos", the two demonic forces.

At such a critical moment, the opening of the second path of the future solved his urgent problem.

After all, on the first path of the future, he was just a small ghost assassin.

On the second path of the future, he was known as the 'Blade of the Apocalypse'... Not only was he the leader of the assassin organization, he was also one of the strongest experts who could sweep across the other worlds!